

# Judge

NOVEMBER 14, 1914  
PRICE, 10 CENTS



NOT SO SLOW

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## Steady Work

By  
Enoch Bolles

An attractive picture in full color, 9 x 12, double mounted on a heavy white mat, 11 x 14, ready for framing, will be sent on receipt of

25c

**Judge**  
225 Fifth Avenue  
New York

Judge  
225 5th Ave.  
New York

Enclosed find 25c.  
Send me a copy of  
"Steady Work."

# Judge

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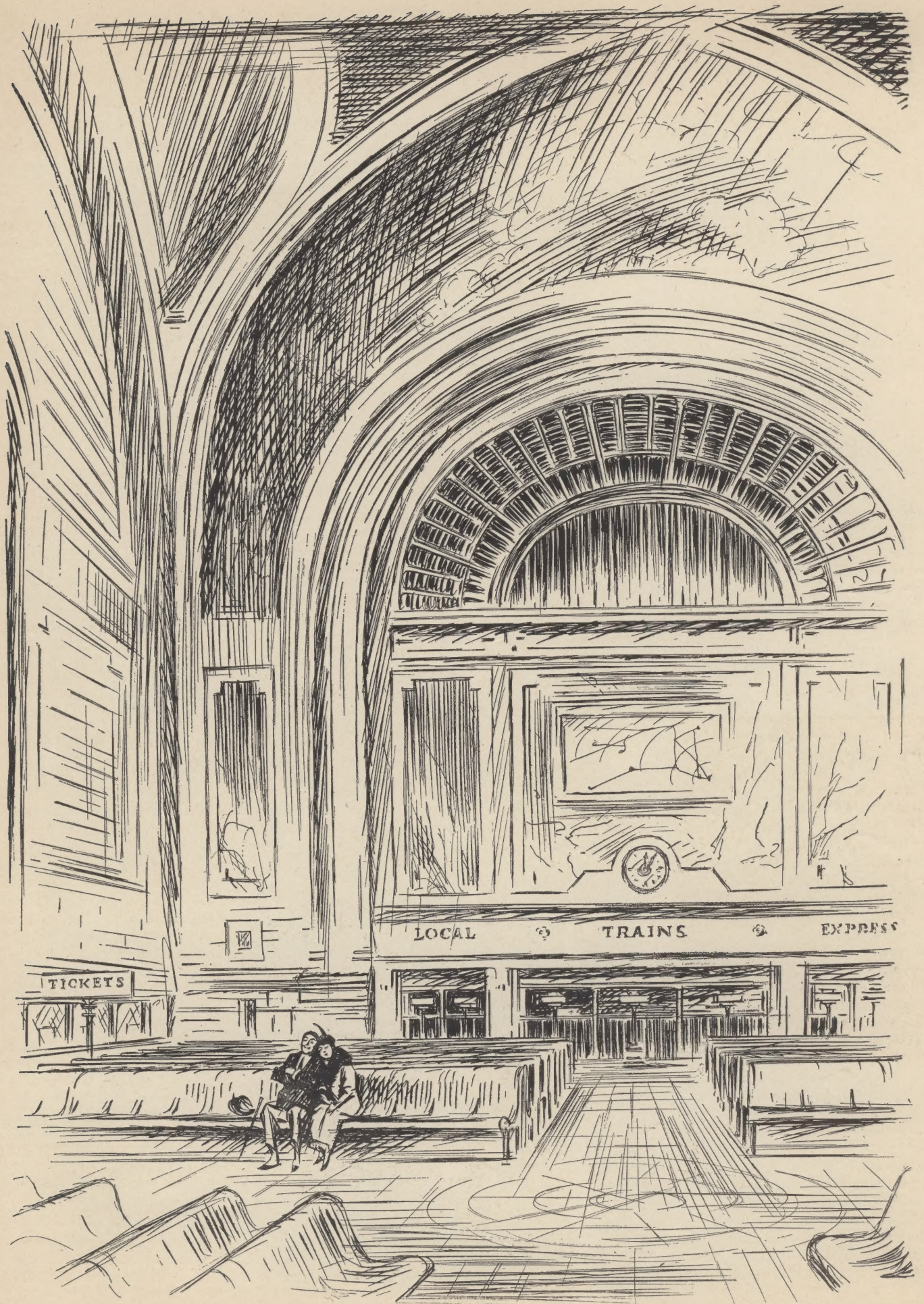
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## THANKSGIVING DAY IMPENDS!

Are You Thankful for Something?

You ought to be thankful that next week the Thanksgiving Number of JUDGE will be on the stands. It will delight you.





WHO CARES IF THE LAST TRAIN *HAS* GONE?





# EDITORIALS

## Concentrating Apple Jack

**WE TREMBLE** for the safety of the nation. In a reckless moment the experts of the Department of Agriculture have made public a new process of "concentrating" apple cider. They have discovered a way by which five gallons of ordinary apple cider can be converted into



one gallon of concentrated cider, thus saving shipping, storage and handling charges.

All of which is lovely enough. And if it is confined to the common or garden variety of apple cider, whose virgin delicacy carries with it only the sweet aroma of orchard sunshine, all would be well. For even concentrated sunshine is not dangerous.

But the grave peril of this innovation lies in the likelihood that our more intrepid cider consumers will attempt the same concentration process with apple jack that has been allowed to get as hard as a miser's heart. And then we feel sorry for the neighborhood. Just imagine concentrating five gallons of genuine New Jersey apple jack, such as Senator Martine loves to advertise in the United States Senate—apple jack of a kind that makes peaceful citizens want to tear up oak trees or wreck a trolley car—apple jack that would make the Montenegrin army think itself ready to fight the allies and

Germany combined—apple jack whose lightest tippie spells ruin, anarchy, cataclysm and chaos.

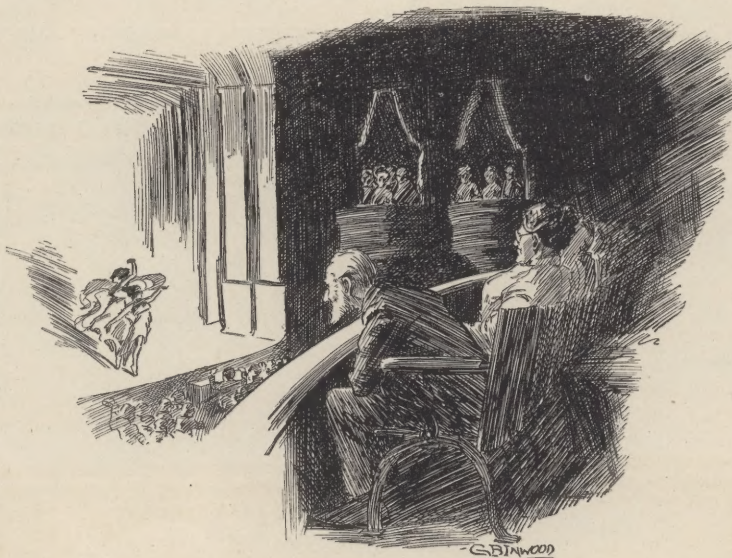
And then think of concentrating something of that kind. Concentrated nitroglycerin or lyddite would be diluted milk in such comparison.

And as for drinking any of this concentrated stuff—prussic acid raised to the nth power would be a delicate after-dinner cordial.

Now is the time for life, casualty and fire insurance underwriters to act.

## A Bid for a Nobel Prize

**WE WONDER** if it has ever occurred to medical science to use the cud of a cow to vaccinate a man against the dangers of hay fever. Having an eye to one of the Nobel prizes, we herewith lay claim to the invention of the idea.



Countryman—It's a Greek dance, Emmy. His wife—Yes, it is to me, too.

## Good Families

**ONE OFTEN** meets people who boast that they come from "good families," but one has great difficulty in determining what a good family is. To lay any great stress on good families is meaningless, unless one is to understand a great number of bad families from whom they



are to be carefully distinguished. But where shall we look for a competent authority to establish the lines along which this distinction is to be made? Any authority we might select would have to come from some family that most of us do not care for. We couldn't do it on the census plan of going to each family and asking if it were good or bad. Every family's opinion of itself can be forecast unerringly without going to that trouble.

Perhaps the task is too big for any but a long-suffering academician, and he could not invest his work with enough vitality to make it of any value. About all we can do is to conclude that there is so much bad in the best of families and so much good in the worst of them that it hardly behooves anybody to boast of his ancestors.

The only nations now at war on this continent are the nominations. His Honor isn't worrying much on this score. He's on the bench for life.





That feminine styles this winter will be largely military goes without saying; but it is also whispered that masculine modes as well will affect the martial. Above is pictured one of the threatened innovations, a Piou-piou overcoat with Scotch kilt insertion.

## Entering Into the Life of Reggie

By MORRIS WADE

**A**LONE at their fireside sat Mr. and Mrs. Brinslow. They had a son and a daughter, but had you asked Brinslow where either of his offspring was at that hour, he would probably have shrugged his shoulder with a "Search me!" It is to this state of uncertainty regarding the whereabouts of their progeny after eight o'clock at night that a large number of American parents are reduced. Brinslow was opening a blade of his knife to cut the pages of a magazine he was reading, when his wife said,

"Albert, dear, I want to tell you something that a speaker at our club said this afternoon. He was talking about the 'Duties

of Parents,' and he said something I feel sure to be true about fathers and their sons. He said that the relations between the fathers of to-day and their sons were not sympathetic enough, and that fathers should get closer to their sons by doing the things that they do and taking an interest in all of the things their sons did."

"Did, huh?"

"Yes, he did, and I believe that there is a great deal in it. I just feel sure, Albert, that if you entered more fully into our Reginald's life, there would be a better understanding and a closer tie between you, and you could influence him

more. There is too great a gulf between you. There are so many things you could have in common if you would. I wish that you would really try to enter more fully into Reggie's life."

"Want me to learn to tango with him and?"—

"Now, Albert, you know that"—

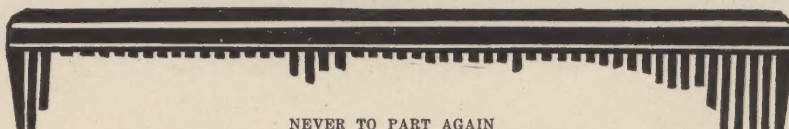
"Want me to come out in a pink shirt and an orange-yellow tie and lemon-colored gloves and?"—

"Now, Albert, you know that I would object to you doing anything so absurd as that, and?"—

"Want me to go joy-riding with him and a lot of all-dolled-up, screeching girls and?"—

"You know that I don't mean that?"—

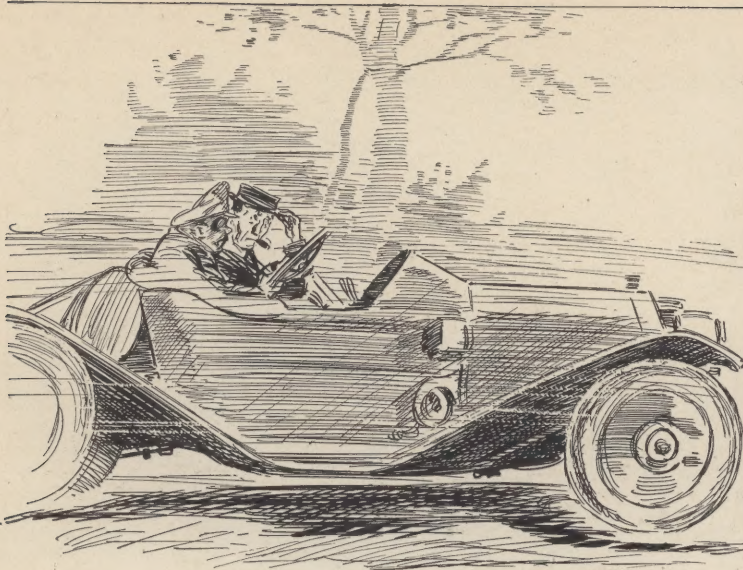
"Want me to walk up and down Broadway, with



NEVER TO PART AGAIN

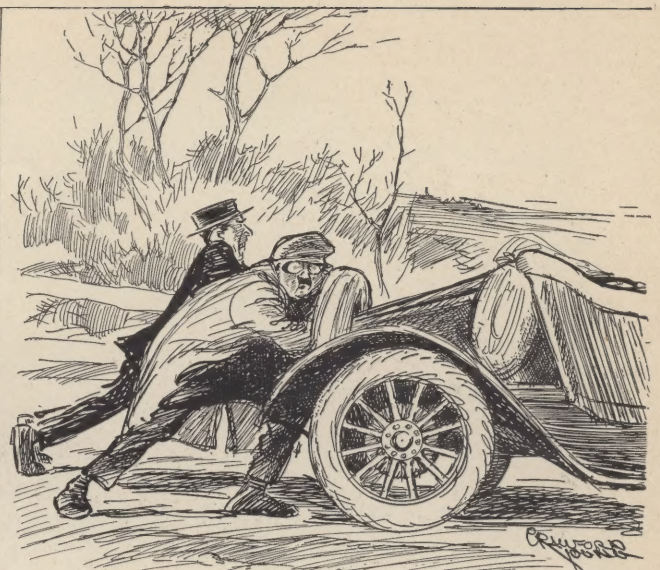
Dorsey  
14





### THEORY

Proud owner—Peach, eh? I'll bet she'd make seventy miles an hour if I pushed her!



### PRACTICE

a little cigarette tilted skyward between my teeth, while I ogled every pretty girl I met? Want me to get more 'sympathetic' with our son along that line?"

"Albert, you just know as well as I do that I had no such thought in mind, and"——

"Well, do you want me to hang around stage-door entrances, waiting for the ballet girls to come out? Or shall I be a 'first nighter' at every fool musical comedy that comes to town and whistle or

strum airs from it on the piano the few minutes I am in the house?"

"Now, Albert, you know that I did not mean that you should do any of these things."

"Then there's nothing left for me to do in order to enter into the daily and hourly life of our Reggie unless it is to lie abed until ten-thirty in the morning, and my business won't permit that. Now I want to read this article about the probable effect of the war on the wool business."

### Poverty's Recompense

LET MEN of millions own their large estates;

I do not envy them their holdings vast.  
The opulent must be in sorry straits  
With summer's recreations of the past.

I do not have to pick and choose between  
Two mansions, as with wealth I may  
have done:  
One ivy-clad-on country's broad demesne,  
The other in the city. . . . I have none.

Yet I am fortunate, indeed, though poor;  
For mine is not the task, as you may  
know,  
To rake the leaves which make a country  
floor,  
Or sweep the city sidewalk free from  
snow.  
—A. Walter Utting.

### A Poser!

"There is one thing that has always refused to ooze through my noddle," remarked Jasper Knox, the sage of Pike-town-on-the-Blink, "and that is this: If, as the newspapers would have us believe, all brides are beautiful, where in Sam Hill do all the homely married women come from?"

### Unkind

Mrs. Avoir Dupois—I shall represent a cotton boll at the planters' fancy-dress ball.

The husband—You mean bale.

### Why

Poetic maid—Ah, the dogwood trees in October are fairly blushing red!

Unpoetic he—Yes, because they will soon be bare.

### His Mean Disposition

"Whenever I pick up a newspaper from some locality where I am not acquainted," mordaciously stated Grout P. Smith, "and see therein the portrait of a stupid-looking, fat-headed, gimlet-eyed Hon., labeled 'The Friend of the Plain People,' 'The Foe of Graft,' or something else equally as unbelievable, I can't help voicing, to all who will listen, my conviction that the voters in that region have not any more political sense than my esteemed fellow-citizens right here at home. Such being the case, is it any wonder that I am pointed out to strangers as the possessor of the meanest disposition in town?"

A cathedral nowadays must feel a good deal like the lady in the knife-throwing act.



### INTUITION

"Bertram, something tells me you've been fighting again."



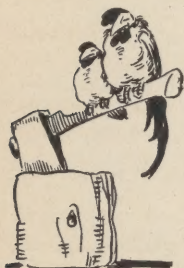
# "DELILAH" TONSorial Artist



N E X T!

## Whence?

I'VE DONE some trotting in my time,  
I've gone from place to place  
In every land and every clime,  
Encountered every  
race.



I've seen the Patagonian wild,  
The dreamy Bengalese,  
The Russian peasant,  
meek and mild,  
The thrifty Japanese.

I've hobnobbed with  
an Arab sheik,  
And eke a Fiji chief;  
I know the dialect they speak  
In far-off Teneriffe.

I've heard most every sort of speech  
That's spoken on this earth,  
From polished French to monkey  
screach,  
From Argentine to Perth.

I've studied tongues of every age,  
But never did detect  
Such talk as passes on the stage  
For German dialect.

—W. Kee Maxwell.

## Reporting Progress

"How is your son getting along in  
the city?"

"Fine! He's on the pool committee  
in his club!"

The girl who cooked in paper bags,  
Where is she now? Alack!  
We fed her fodder to the vags  
And handed her the sack.

## Positive Proof

"Do you really love me, Willoughby?"  
"Huh! Do you suppose I'd be laughing  
my head off every night at your father's  
stale jokes if I didn't love you?"

No matter how fast a clock may run it  
always winds up at the same place.

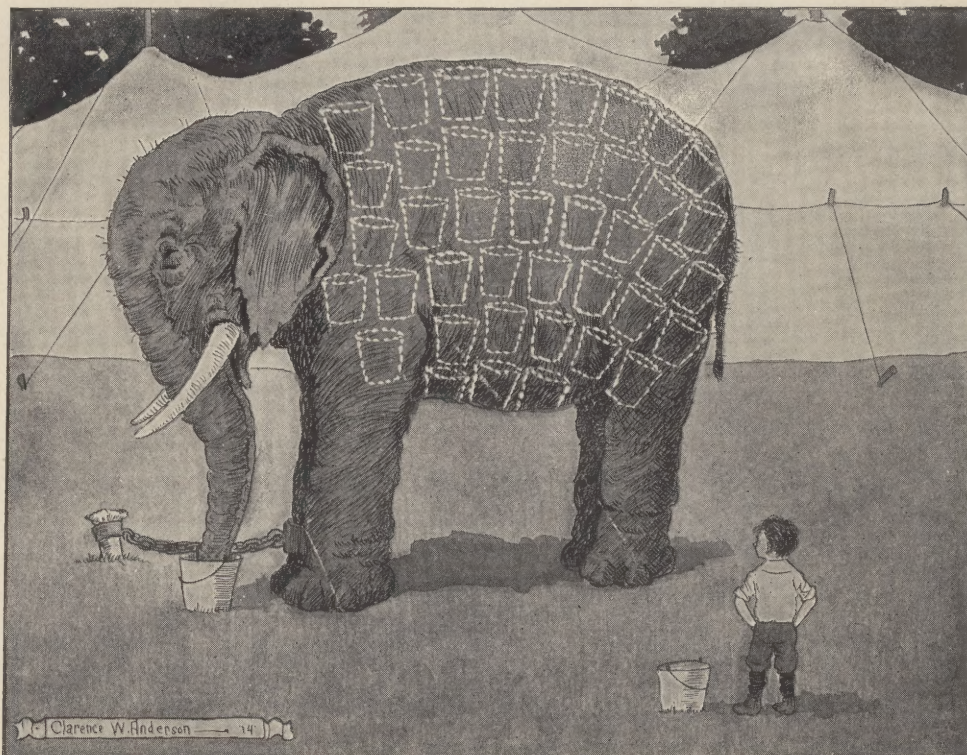
## No News

"DID YOU ask little Jimmy Wombat  
about the fight over at his house  
the other night?"

"Yes."

"And what did you get out of him?"

"Not very much. His mother is evidently an exceedingly strict censor."











# Judges Between Covers

By ROBERT MOUNTSIER

## Passing Sentences

“**THE PATROL OF THE SUN DANCE TRAIL**,” by Ralph Connor. A drawing-room Indian story that follows the beaten trail of the dime-novel variety, making generous use of bad half- and full-breeds, the noble outlaw and the good Indian who saves a life to pay a debt of kindness, but substituting Canadian mounted police for Buffalo Bills and interpolating a bit of Scotch reel between war dances.

“**A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION**,” by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. The 1915 Williamson model appears this season with a five-camel-power engine and a love clutch. At the present time Double-

day, Page & Co. are taking orders for immediate delivery, and Mrs. Heroine waits and prays and hopes for Lieut. Hero, of the French Foreign Legion.

“**THE MASON-BEES**,” by Henri Fabre. A genuine work of love by a master naturalist, whose descriptions of insect life make our own accomplishments seem puny in comparison with the relatively gigantic achievements of bees and ants.

“**THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN**,” by H. G. Wells. A delectable exposition of English character

as revealed in butlers, suffragettes, Jewish parvenus with purchased “Sirs,” subscription-begging Ladies, X Y Z tea rooms and the husbandry of wives. The story is told with such skill and humor that the English reader will laugh at it without realizing that he is laughing at himself.

“**PERSONALITY PLUS**,” by Edna Ferber. Five more of the Ferber stories, each one full of real human nature and bright with new Emma and Jock McChesnuts. Jock is at work in the advertising game, and his mother is dividing her attention between him and petticoats, which some women are still wearing.

**H**OW THE Kaiser must envy Cobb—not Ty nor Jim Flagg’s friend, Kitty with a K; but Irvin S., of anatomical parts unknown and known, who, if it were not for his modesty, could lay claim to possessing the most famous feet in the world! So I make the claim for him. Looking at Cobb’s feet, not from the chiropodist’s point of view, which is a lowdown one, but from that of the interested spectator, I am overwhelmed at the manner in which they have carried him along the high-road of success and have given him a foothold as the most popular humorist humoring America to-day.

Let him who seeks to contradict answer these questions: What do you know about Shakespeare’s feet? What was the size of the shoes worn by Cervantes? What number did Aristophanes ask for when he went to a sandal store? Was there any connection, other than an anatomical one, between Mark Twain’s feet and his head? Do you know which stocking Molière put on first?

Yet any reader to-day can tell you everything about the feet that made Cobb famous and sore as a war correspondent, even to the most minute detail, such as the size of the plaster on the corn Cobb has on his left little toe. Not without results did Cobb’s fellow-correspondents, who were at the back of the front, fill the gaps in their war news with wonderful accounts of the Cobb infantry marches.

It is not because of Cobb’s feet in themselves that the Kaiser must

envy him, but rather because of what those feet accomplished. Cobb, and not the Kaiser, first set out to revise Europe, and, what is more, Cobb accomplished the task. All the details of his wonderful feat are to be found in “Europe Revised,” by Irvin S. Cobb. This is announced as “not a war book.” I do

not deny the fact that it has nothing to do with the Kaiser’s war; but when a man sets out to attack Europe’s most sacred institutions, from “that gay Paresis” to “Venice and the Venisons”—quotes by us, words by Cobb—what can his campaign be but an unholy war, and what is his 467-page account of it but a wholly war book? “Europe Revised” should be read by all who have been to Europe and all who haven’t been, by those who seek to understand the war and those who wish to escape reading about it.

Cobb used only his head, feet and eyes, as the book and its dedication prove: “To my small daughter, who bade me shed a tear at the tomb of Napoleon, which I was very glad to do, because when I got there my feet certainly were hurting me.” Yet the Kaiser, with his three K’s, Krupp, Kultur and Kaiser, which have displaced his former trilogy of Kinder, Küche and Kirche—kids, kitchen and kirk—has failed in a task which an American accomplished with his own anatomy, alone and unaided. It may be lèse majesté, but I venture to prophesy another Europe revised if Kaiser and Cobb changed places as king and jester.



IRVIN S. COBB





**I** LIKE to take the album old, with covers made of plush and gold—or maybe it is brass—and see the pictures of the jays who long have gone their divers ways and come no more, alas!

This picture is of Uncle James, who quit these futile worldly games full twenty years ago; up yonder by the village church, where in his pew he used to perch, he now is lying low. Unheard by him the church bell chimes; the grass has grown a score of times above his sleeping form. For him there is no wage or price, with him the weather cuts no ice, the sunshine or the storm.

Yet here he sits as big as life, as dolled up by his loving wife, "to have his picture took." Though dead to all the world of men, yea, doubly dead, and dead again, he lives in this old book. His long side whiskers, north and south, stand forth, like mudguards for his mouth, his treasure and his pride. With joy he saw those whiskers sprout, with glee he saw them broaden out his face, already wide. In those sweet days of Auld Lang Syne the men considered whiskers fine and raised them by the peck; a man grew whiskers every place that they would grow upon his face, and more upon his neck. He made his face a garden spot, and he was sad that he could not grow whiskers on his brow; he prized his whiskers more than mon and raised his spinach by the ton—where are those whiskers now?

Oh, ask the ghost of Uncle James, whose whiskers grew on latticed frames—at least, they look that way, as in this picture they appear, this photograph of yesteryear, so faded, dim and gray.

My Uncle James looks sad and worn; he wears a smile, but it's forlorn, a grin that seems to freeze. And one can hear the artist say—that artist dead and gone his way—"Now, then, look pleasant, please!" My uncle's eyes seem full of tears. What wonder when, beneath his ears, two prongs are pressing sore?

They're there to hold his head in place, while he presents a smiling face for half an hour or more. The minutes drag—if they'd but rush! The artist stands and whispers, "Hush! Don't breathe or wink your eyes! Don't let your smile evaporate, but keep it rigid, firm and straight—in it all virtue lies!"

It is a scene of long ago, when art was long and time was slow, brought back by this old book; there were no anesthetics then, and horror filled the souls of men who "had their pictures took." Strange thoughts all soulful people hold, when poring o'er an album old, the book of vanished years. The dead ones seem to come again, the queer, old-fashioned dames and men, with prongs beneath their ears!

### A Domestic Disturbance

**T**HE TROUBLE began with a tea fight. The milk was sour, the cake cut up, and the sugar fell out with the tongs. The spoons clashed, and the table groaned. The fringes on the doilies snarled, and the crackers snapped. The sofa and easy chairs were soon up in arms, and even the clocks did not agree, but were at sixes and sevens. Small wonder that the doors were unhinged!

Things were no better in the kitchen. The pitchers were all set by the ears and stuck out their lips, while the teapot and kettle poked their noses into everything. The range was red-hot, which made the saucepan look black and finally boil over. The bells started jangling, all the pickles and preserves in the cupboard were jarred, and there were any number of scraps in the refrigerator and meat safe. Naturally, when the mistress of the house reached the scene of disorder, the cook was put out.

—Geo. B. Morewood.

*Young husband*—A year ago you were crazy to marry me!  
*His wife*—That's what mother said, but I wouldn't listen.



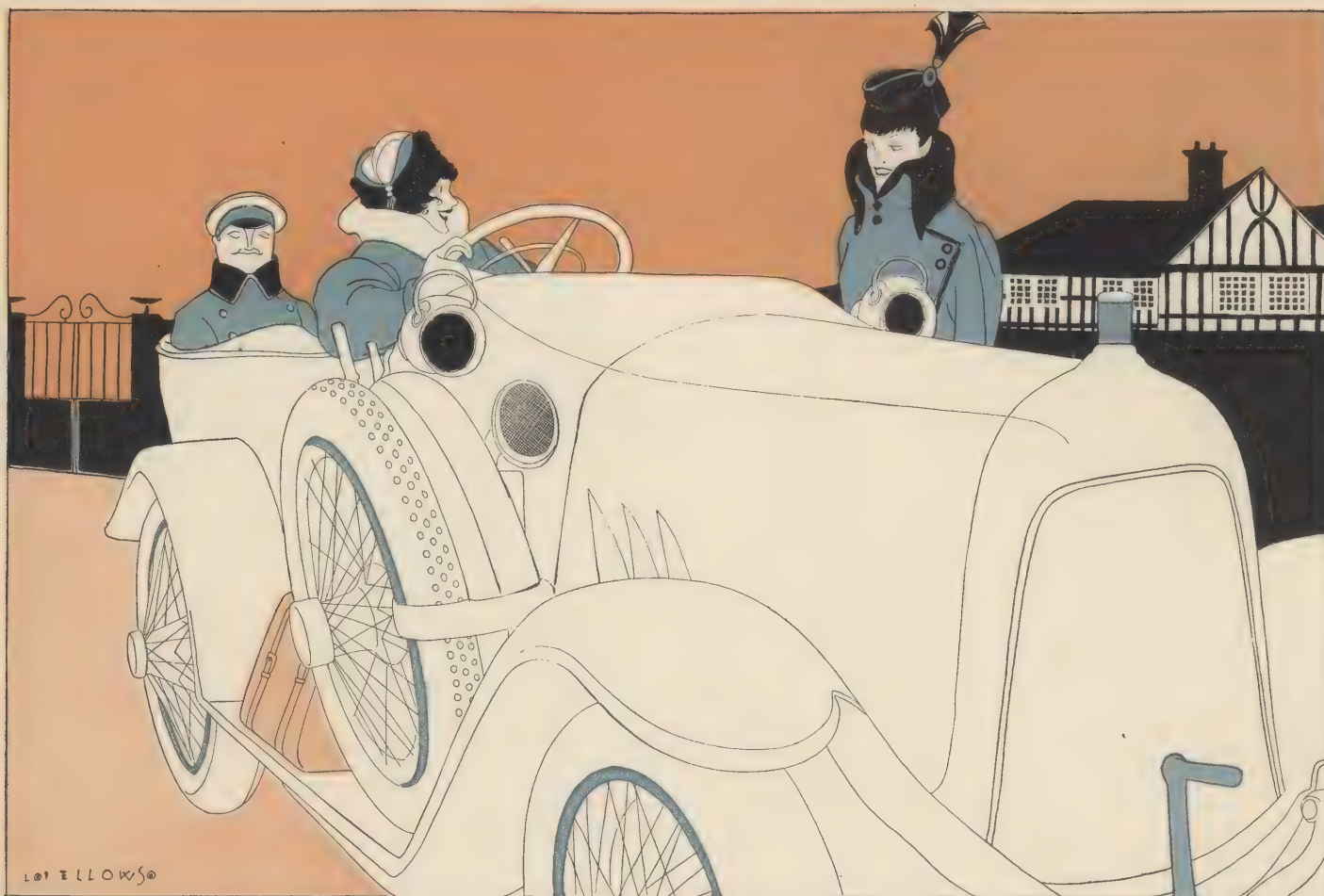
### UNCERTAIN

*Bashful youth*—I want a present for a young lady.

*Saleswoman*—Sister or fiancée?

*Bashful youth*—Well—er—she hasn't said which she would be yet.





..WHAT a bereavement!" cried

Elinor gayly, as she stopped her car in Elizabeth's grounds, where the latter stood waiting. And Elinor laughed a little louder than good form would sanction.

"It's embarrassing, at least," replied Elizabeth, who had to smile to keep in the picture.

"And I suppose you don't feel exactly like giving them a wedding present!"

"Oh, I don't know. I was a bit fond of them both."

Elizabeth had 'phoned that morning early that her chauffeur had eloped with her maid. And so Elinor had come to take Elizabeth to the Dog Show, where they both had entries.

Of course Elizabeth might have called a taxi, but Elinor, being one of her dearest friends, wouldn't hear to that.

Orson, Elinor's chauffeur, was one of those in the fortunate books of the gods. He had a snap. Elinor drove her cars quite as skillfully as Orson himself could drive them, while he sat back in the tonneau with all the poise of a personage. Elizabeth could no more negotiate a motor than she could make biscuits.

"Why," Elizabeth had once asked Elinor, "why do you keep a chauffeur and yourself do most of the work, dear?"

"Oh, I love to drive," was the answer.

"Then why take Orson along at all?"

"Isn't he rather ornamental, dear? And then it happens that he must sometimes get under the car and fix things. To do that one must be a bit acrobatic and have a lurid vocabulary. In fact, one must be a man."

## Embracing Opportunity

By J. A. WALDRON

Elinor was reasonably young and more than reasonably attractive. Elizabeth was not exactly old and had never been eligible for The Beauty Show. Yet she had much more money than Elinor. She was among the very few whose names

frequently figure in connection with momentous national speculations as to the medium of circulation.

"Did you hear what has happened to Gustave?" asked Elinor, turning companionably to Orson as Elizabeth mounted beside her.

Orson's face had already taken on something resembling a smile. Gustave had been Elizabeth's chauffeur. "Oh, yes," replied Orson. "Gustave told me about it before it happened."

"And why didn't you warn me?" asked Elizabeth, smiling at Orson candidly and almost sweetly, although she had told Elinor over the 'phone that she should hereafter hate chauffeurs.

"I—you see, madam—ah! It was in confidence," stammered Orson, who was plainly embarrassed. Elinor never before had dreamed that Orson could look that way.

And they went to the Dog Show. On the way Elinor and Elizabeth chatted and laughed as the dearest friends will chat and laugh, and Orson was ignored. That was part of Orson's business. Yet he seemed deep in thought most of the way.

Orson was missing from the garage the next morning when Elinor called for her favorite machine. He had gone the night before, one of the helpers said, and Elinor, with whom he had indulged some conversation about the European war, thought





ANY RAILROAD STATION—ANY DAY

he had patriotically decided to do his duty in the Fatherland.

"Elizabeth, dear," cried Elinor over the 'phone a few minutes later, "what do you think? I'm almost as unlucky as you are. Orson's gone!"

"But I'm not particularly unlucky, dearest," replied Elizabeth. "I engaged Orson yesterday at the Dog Show."



#### Reasons Why—

Freak garments are worn—Fashion makes many cowards.

The poor have so large families—They have so few other pleasures.

There are so many fires of unknown origin—It is so easy to get fire insurance.

Trusts are wicked—Most of us have no stock in them. Gambling is immoral—Because nearly everybody loses at it.

There are so many automobile accidents—Drivers think only of the going and not at all of the stopping.

So many suspect graft in all politics—They know they would be grafting themselves if they were on the inside.

Some women want votes—They believe men don't want them to have them.

—Arthur Lucas.

#### At the Restaurant

Tess—Why is that magnificent waiter, who treats even the men with condescension, so humble to you, and you barely tip him?

Jess—Sh-h-h-h! I know the secret of his life. He is the husband of my washwoman, and I have seen him wearing carpet slippers, rocking the baby.

#### Not What He Meant

"Friends," said the politician, "I, too, was reared on the farm. I can almost say I grew up between two stalks of corn."

"A pumpkin, by golly!" drawled a farmer in the audience.

Those who jump at conclusions often fall short of the facts.



#### UNDESIRABLE PUBLICITY

Monsieur Poirrette—Will madam please not stand before the door; people will think this is a barber shop.





## HOW GLADLY HE WOULD DO THOSE IRKSOME TASKS AGAIN!

### Found in the Ballot Box

“WHAT do you men mean?” demanded the woman watcher at the polls.

“What’s wrong?”

“I hear you have been throwing out the ballots of women.”

“We have not. We did throw out a recipe for sponge cake, a package of powder papers and a couple of love letters.”

### A Political Economist

“I hope you will remember, Cæsar,” said the judge to his man, “that your vote is about your dearest possession.”

“Yassuh,” said Cæsar. “Ah’m keep-in’ dat in mind, jedge; but at de same time, suh, we got tuh beah in mind de fact dat it don’t pay to make it so dear nobody kin affohd to buy it, suh.”

### Education

**YOUNG** John Smith, who jumps a counter

In the Star Department Store,  
Is an educated person,

In a hundred brands of lore.

He can conjugate in Latin,

And in Greek he feels at ease;

He is strong for mathematics

And at home with Ph.D’s.

He can read and write in Sanskrit,

He has logic right down pat;

But he earns just fifteen dollars,

And he’s lucky to get that.

Richard Roe is shy on learning;

He can’t even parse a noun.

Greek and Latin are beyond him;

Short division makes him frown.

If it came to logarithms,

He would go the other way;

Chemistry means nothing to him,

And at logic he’s a jay.

But, despite his dearth of knowledge,

He is owner of the store

Where the erudite young Smith earns

Fifteen per and nothing more.

—Hinton Gilmore.

### • Just the Trouble

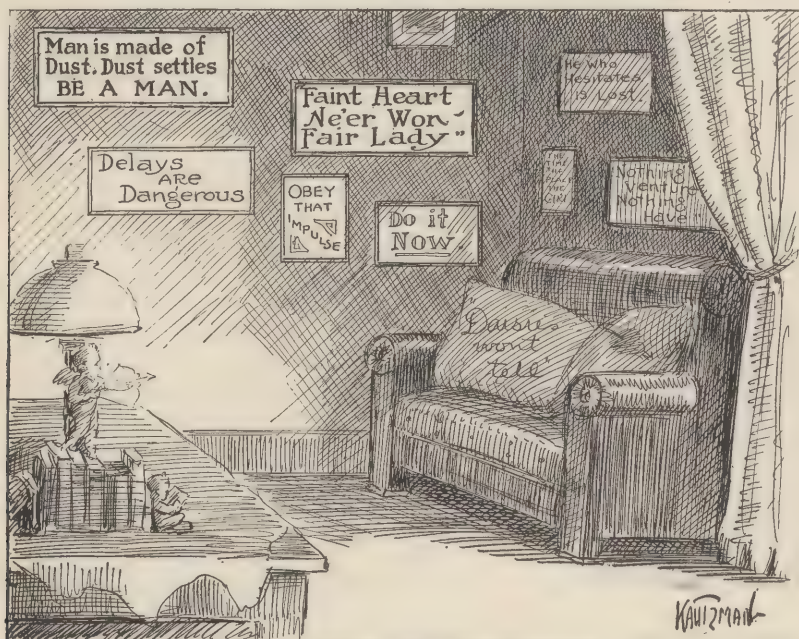
*Knicker*—All men are equal before the law.

*Bocker*—That’s just the trouble; they should be equal after the law.

### Not that Rig

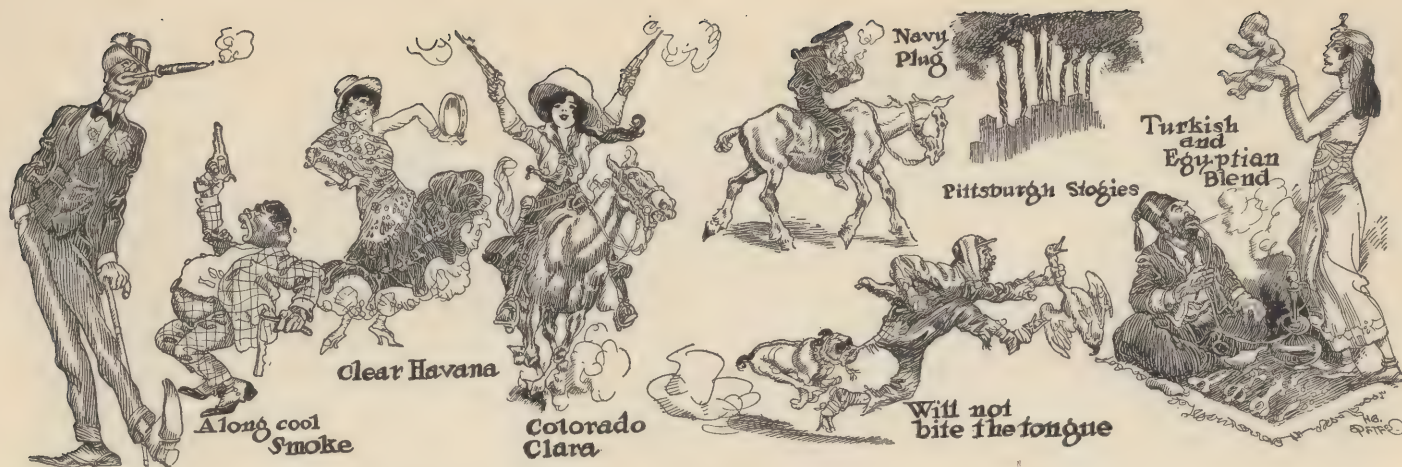
“Isn’t your wife a clipper!”

“She’s more. She’s a revenue cutter!”



“THERE! THAT OUGHT TO LAND HIM!”





## SMOKERS' FAMILIAR PHRASES—TOBACCO TALK

### Egg View Notes

WITT LARCOM rode around in Pollywog all day Wednesday, on a big auto truck, wearing a pair of green racer goggles.

The back to Erny Neff's barber chair give away Monday afternoon, waking and jarring him badly.

Burglars entered the home of Tink Nitz Friday night, enabling him to forget about his bunion and the war for a while.

Truman Bilge has opened up a law office over the blacksmith shop, where he hopes that several things will be placed in his hands, including money.

Ote Gimber found a half dollar in the road Sunday morning and is quite sure it's bad, as it showed too plainly where the teeth of Bill Waite, our grocer, had been at work on it.

—Leslie Van Every.

### A New Line

Heck—I hear that in the Southwest the farmers are abandoning crops for stock raising.

Fleck—I see; they're beating Wall Street to it.

### A Boy Scout

"Young Jones made love to all the girls here this summer, but did not get engaged to any of them."

"Just sort of a boy scout, apparently."

## JUDGE'S MOTION PICTURES



### TAKING NO CHANCES:

Or, How the Way to a Man's Heart May Have Something To Do with Indigestion.



# THE MODERN WOMAN

## Mustard and Cress

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Women Are Not Yet Ready for the Vote

"ALL WOMEN as yet are not ready to vote."  
To prove this it's really quite simple. We quote:

"That every girl doesn't know the history of law,  
Nor why everybody enjoys reading Shaw;  
Nor the science of hygiene and camp sanitation,  
Nor the laws of the Greeks or of war aviation;  
Nor pure sociology and all of the isms,  
Nor the theory of politics or of world cataclysms.

Every girl does not know all the languages spoken,  
And why every peace pact has suddenly broken;  
Or the science of plumbing or the lore of the stars,  
And why all the history of ancient astrology  
Has nothing to do with our modern history.

Every woman cannot be a great mathematician,  
Nor can she become a world's famed mechanician;  
Nor are they past masters of commerce and modes,  
Nor versed in the mazes of all legal codes."

So it's easy to see why the vote is not handed  
To women with ignorance patently branded.  
But men are quite ready! They've already begun!  
For all that they need is to be twenty-one!

### Modern Dialectic

Woman (sadly)—Tell me, what is the best philosophy of living?

Superwoman—Do you mean the easiest or the best and highest?

Woman (very wearily)—Oh, the path of least resistance!

Superwoman (sardonically)—Try and please the men folk—dress for them, act up to them, cook for them, humor them, treasure them and be of their opinion.

Woman (in desperation)—Oh, but I've done that all my life, and I am still most unhappy!

Superwoman—You deserve to be!

## Suffrage Snapshots

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

THE anti-suffragists have issued a ton or so of literature, to show that the constitution of women can never endure the nervous strain of voting. Now the presidents of the State medical associations in all the States where women have been voting from two to forty-five years have signed a statement that if anything has happened to their constitutions, their family physicians haven't discovered it. The antis are playing in hard luck—every time they start out a nice little theory, it runs up against a fact and is smashed into splinters.

□  
New York's public schools have just opened with three-quarters of a million pupils and fifty thousand barred out for lack of room. Lucky for the Colonel that he can turn his attention from "race suicide" at least long enough to try to prevent some other kinds.

□  
A few weeks ago the British government was sacrificing women for "militancy." Now it is imploring them to help repair the damage caused by the militancy of men forced to it by the government.

□  
According to the society notes, our women will now have to wear gowns made by American dressmakers. All right; it doesn't matter who make a woman's dress, if only they will make enough of it.

## Curbside Comments

By OREOLA W. HASKELL

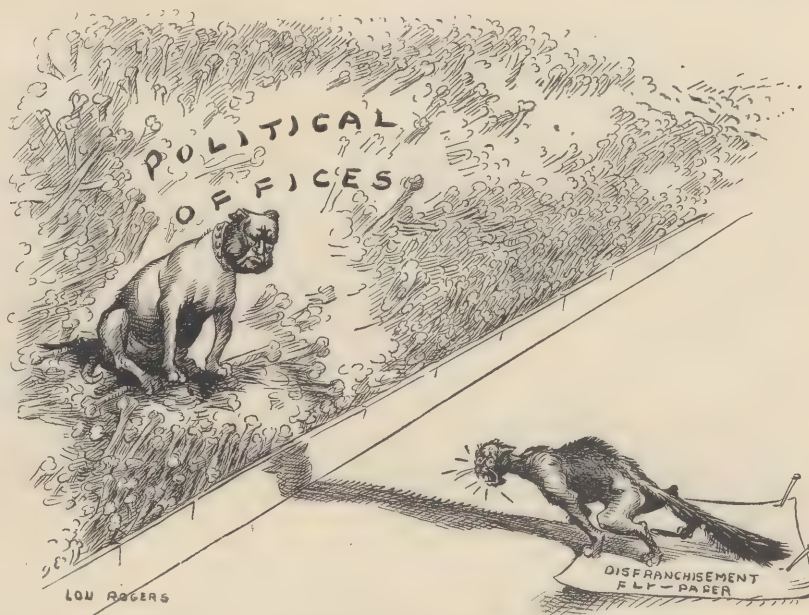
Making Jail Popular

THE CLERGYMEN who score woman's cooking and say that it is to blame for divorce and deterioration of male character might turn their attention to a jail in Columbus, Indiana, where the sheriff complains bitterly that the women of his family who cook for the prisoners do it so well that the institution is famed for its fare and attracts the hungry and the criminal for miles around. If, indeed, food produces virtue, this should be an exceptionally successful place to make over the rascal and the villain. Perhaps regeneration is going on so merrily as to give the sheriff visions of a jobless future; hence his wailing objection to the skill of the feminine chefs.

### Another Hero

OF COURSE suffragists are all man haters, but we fear that, in spite of this well-established fact, they will boldly laud Judge Craig, of Los Angeles, who seems to have common sense raised to the nth power. For, lo! instead of sending a man of wealthy family to jail for ten years for taking advantage of the innocence and ignorance of a young girl, he has actually decided to reform the gentleman rascal and at the same time help the girl. And so, taking for truth the word of the man that he intended to marry his victim, he has ordered him to educate the girl for the high social position she must occupy as his wife, has told him he must

go to work himself and must behave himself, since the stern eye of the court will be upon him, and has used for a club the ten-year sentence that will be carried out unless commands are obeyed. This seems to be an ideal punishment. But what is the world coming to if instead of universal incarceration, we make wrongdoers make amends to their victims and make them change their own characters? Will not some of us who swell with virtue when walking by the barred inclosure of the bad be cheated out of our pious self-conceit and made to feel that there is no cake and bread, but that we're all made out of the same dough?

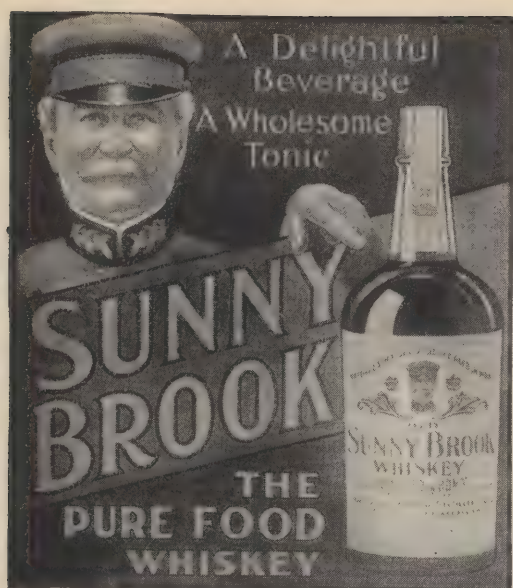


ARE YOU THIS KIND?

Dog—Now if that cat ever gets loose she'll want one of my bones.

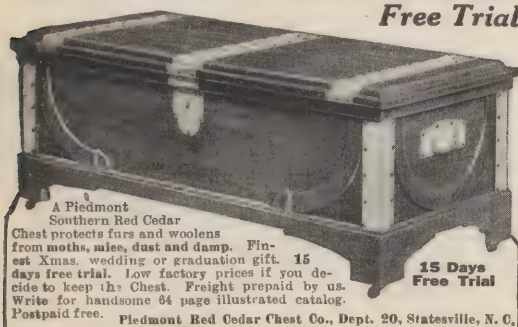


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## Glossary of Golfing Terms

By an Outer Barbarian

**GOLF**—A word devoid of orthoepy.

**Golfer**—One who believes he can pronounce the word "golf."

**Links**—So called because they form an endless chain, the true golfer starting all over again as soon as he gets around.

**Tee**—Not necessarily to be used as a beverage.

**Caddy**—Not to hold the tee.

**Gutty**—Not nearly so bad as it sounds.

**Stance**—A position to do stunts.

**Iron**—That which enters the soul after fooling.

**Brassie**—Cheek of the player who claims that he "holes out in one."

**Bulger**—A player who bulges so far in front he cannot see the ball.

**Mashie**—A state of feeling pertaining to spoons.

**Spoons**—Rather awkward when the caddie is looking.

**Drive**—A joke. After a golfer asserts he is driving, he immediately starts on a long walk.

**Fore**—A cry by the driver indicating the number of times further he intended to drive the ball than he really did.

**Hazard**—A place of "new fortunes," generally bad ones.

**Bunker**—Corresponding to the swearing-room indoors.

**Green**—What the golfer considers all the rest of mankind.

**Lofting**—Applied to the talk of a golfer to a Gentile.

**Putt**—A dialect method of pronouncing "put," meaning to put the ball in a hole.

**Holed out**—Always means "holed in."

**Home**—Where the golf enthusiast rarely is.

**Baff, schlaaf, duff, etc.**—Meaningless words used by golfers for the confusion of Gentiles.

**Stymie, dormie, etc.**—Self-explanatory terms of which the compiler does not know the meaning.

**Niblick, cleek, etc.**—Words invented to demonstrate the patient endurance of the English language.

**Gobble**—Nothing to do with a slice.

**Slice**—Nothing to do with a gobble.

**Bogey**—What a golfer is to a Gentile.

**One up**—Epitaph for a golfer.

**Fog**—State of mind after reading a glossary of golfing terms.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

## The Making of a Skeptic

"Brudder Bosanko didn't b'lieve in banks, and so he hid his money in de back of a picture of Booker T. Washington. Somebody done stole de money, and now Brudder Bosanko don't b'lieve in Booker T. Washington, needer."

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## From a Sinner's Diary

I BELIEVE surprise parties are an abomination in the sight of the Lord. I played for one over by Needmore's sink hole once. All I could think of was the sink hole after I was obliged to leave my horse on one side and walk around through the swamp to play on the other. The girls I walked with were excited over the party. Sink holes are as old to them as surprises are to me. I'd ask, "How far did you say it was across it?" "A hundred and thirty feet. D'ye s'pose Oscar and Uri'll be there?" "And thirty-nine feet deep! Gosh! How often does the thing cave in?" "Oh, every once in a while. Bert said he'd come." "And the old wagon went right in out of sight, did it?" "You bet! Bertha didn't know whether she could come or not." "And that fellow drove right off in there?" "Yes; he pretended he was asleep. Just the old buggy top and horse's head stuck out. Claud said he'd have the tacks all pulled out, so we could jerk up the carpet in a minute and dance two set." "Ain't it funny? I want to stand right here and look at it. I should think a horse would know enough not to dive off in there." "So would I. They were going to get Lottie off down to the sugar bush to boil eggs till we all get there." "How many bridges have dropped in?" "Three. Her mother says she knows she don't mistrust." "I wish I had one over to my house. I'd fish in it." "Uh huh. Maybe you could fish you out a man. They better blow that parlor light out, or she'll know something's up." (She didn't. She charged right in with an old coat and boots on, and felt miserable enough to satisfy any crowd.)

Pa is making a scrapbook of the transgressions of preachers. Whenever he finds an item where a preacher has committed anything, out comes his jackknife and it's added to his collection.

The other afternoon I was all caved in and had three more lessons to give. So I persuaded a woman who makes a specialty of such things to build me a sandwich. This is how she did: She took a twelve-and-one-half-pound sack, put three teaspoons mustard in the bottom, then shaved in half a bar of butter, then cast in the bread and meat, and shook it forty brisk shakes. Leastways, that's how it came out. I broke a three-dollar gold corner off a tooth eating it, and to this day I find little wads of butter rolled like cocoons in the hair of my fur coat.

I know a boy who was trying on boots in a store. He found one that fitted and said, "I'll take two like this."

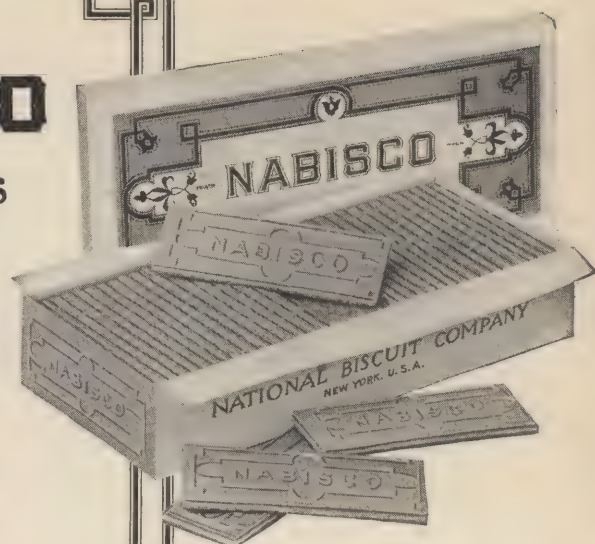
—Lynette Freemire.

## New Mother Goose

Young Mrs. Hubbard went to the delicatessen store to get her pug dog some nice caviar. But none found she there; the shelves were all bare. He'll have to eat liver till after the war.

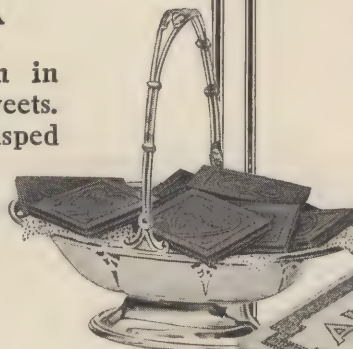
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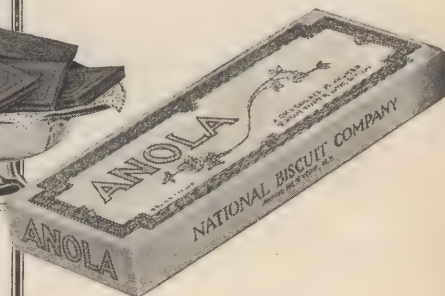


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## Foreign Humor



"I 'opes yer mistress'll 'scuse me bein' so late with the washin'. Yer see, I dus-sent come in daylight, for fear of the government pinchin' my 'orse for the war."—*Punch* (London).



"Co pak? Helenka stune?"  
"I ne, ale má úzké sukne, nemuze chodit, malé botky, tak ze nemuze stat. tesnou snerovacku, tak ze nemuze sedet, tak lezi."

"What! Is Helen sick?"  
"Oh, no! Her skirts are so narrow she can't walk, her shoes so narrow she can't stand, her corset so tight she can't sit; so she is lying down."—*Humoristicke Listy* (Prague).



**The Policeman's Recommendation**

"Pardon, où est mon auto? Je la laisse ici, j'entre prendre un bock, et il n'y a plus rien."  
"Aujourd'hui, faut être plus prudent. Quand on entre dans un café, faut toujours amener son automobile avec soi."

"Pardon me, but where is my auto? I left it here, went in there to take a glass of beer, and it is gone!"

"Nowadays you should take better care. When you go into a saloon, you must always take your automobile with you."—*L'Illustration* (Paris).





#### She Was Ashamed

*Mistress* (indignantly) — Jane, whatever did you mean by wearing my low-necked evening dress at the bus-drivers' ball last night? Really, you ought to have been ashamed of yourself!

*Jane* (meekly) — I was, mum. You never 'eard such remarks as they made! —*Sketch* (London).



Copyright, *Fliegende Blaetter*.

#### A Surprise

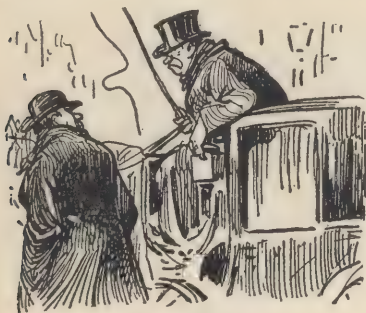
*Fraulein* (das während einer kurzen Reife ihren Mops bei der Nachbarsfamilie in Pflege geben musste) — Seid Ihr auch immer recht gut zu meinem Liebling gewesen, Kinder?

*Allgemeines* — Ja!  
*Karlchen* (herausplatzend) — Und schwimmen kann er jetzt auch, Fräulein.

*Old maid* (who during a short trip had to put her pug dog in board at a neighbor's family) — Well, children, have you always been very kind to my pet?

*Chorus* — Yes!

*Little Carl* (blurting out) — And he can swim now, too! —*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).



#### A Warning

"Eh, patron, vous ne voulez pas un fiacre? Dépechez-vous! Il n'y en aura bientôt plus!"

"Say, boss, don't you want a cab? Hurry up! Pretty soon there won't be any more!" —*L'Illustration* (Paris).

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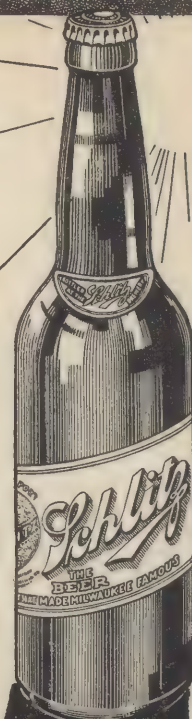
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To those who mail coupon below promptly, we offer to engrave by hand, their initials on the back of this Watch in exquisite ribbon monogram letters. So then, if you answer promptly, you may have your own initials handsomely engraved by hand on the back of this superb Watch, free of charge. Jeweler's regular charge is from \$1.50 to \$2.00, but if you are prompt, we will do it for you free. This is a great opportunity—one that you must not miss. Tear off, sign and mail Free Trial Coupon at once.

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[11-14]

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## With The College Wits

Heard at the Shore—"For heaven's sake, Mary, come out of the sun! White skirts are worse than the X-ray!"

"—and I says to him, just as if you were the Wizard of Oz, I says, instead of being a plain traveling man, you ain't got no call to give me the once-over . . ."

"Can you do a back jackknife? Watch! Gosh! I slipped!"

"War puppies! War puppies! Get the red-hots!"

"Yep. Going back Tuesday. Breaking in a new stenographer. . . Troubles of my own!"—*Princeton Tiger.*



Waiter—What will it be, sir? Sauerkraut or pate de foies gras?

'18—Ham and eggs. I'm neutral!—*Harvard Lampoon.*

It Made a Difference—*Johnnie* (puzzled as to how to pronounce the name of an explorer)—Say, father, do you pronounce K-n-u-d with a long or a short "u"?

Father (who, of course, doesn't know)—Oh, it doesn't make any difference.

*Johnnie*—Well, I guess it makes a good bit of difference whether a man is nud or nude up in the arctic regions.—*Penn State Froth.*

Suspected—*York County farmer* (bursting into the village inn)—What d'y'e think, Silas? The bones of a prehistoric man have been found on Jim White's farm!

*Innkeeper*—Great Gosh! I hope poor Jim'll be able to clear hisself at the coronor's inquest.—*Penn State Froth.*

A Shade of Meaning—*First lord*—They say the duchess is just wrapped up in her clothes.

*Second lord*—My eye, sir! I must be getting blind!—*Williams Purple Cow.*

What Did She Mean?—*Miss Modern*—Do you suppose that one could catch disease from kisses?

*Mrs. Wise*—Well, I caught a husband.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Naturally—*Boarding-house mistress*—What part of the chicken do you wish?

*Freshman*—Some of the meat, please.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Ha, Ha!—*Middie*—The sea is very treacherous to-day.

*Biddie*—Yes; full of craft, isn't it?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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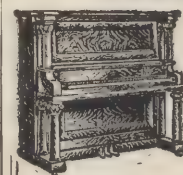
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**Of Little Use**—"Yes, I tried the experiment of an office girl instead of an office boy. She didn't whistle or smoke, but she failed to please the office force."

"Why was that?"

"She could never learn to go out and get the correct score."—*Kansas City Journal*.

**Corrected**—"I understand you began your life as a newsboy," observed the friend admiringly.

"No," replied the millionaire. "Some one has been fooling you. I began life as an infant."—*New York Times*.

**Unflattering**—He (earnestly)—The fact is as plain as the nose on your face.

She (pouting)—Everybody but you says I've got a pretty nose.—*Baltimore American*.

**Business**—"Doctor, do you believe in people taking vacations?"

"Considering the practice it brings me, I should be an ingrate to decry the custom."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

**The Climax**—"Did the play have a happy ending?"

"You bet it did! Some one in the gallery hit the villain square in the face with a tomato."—*Houston Post*.

**Stingy**—"Is old Doxey as stingy as they say he is?"

"Yes. He won't even buy a calendar, for fear he may not live the year out to use it up."—*New York Sun*.

**Thrift—Buttons**—Get up! Get up! The hotel's afire!

*Scottish gentleman*—Richt, laddie; but if I do, mind ye, I'll no pay for the bed.—*Answers*.



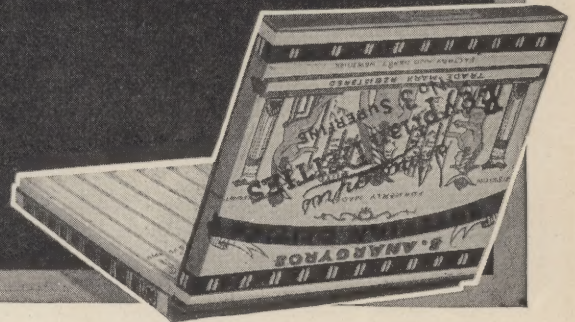
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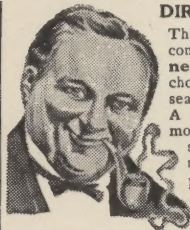
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## Stories with Smiles

In the Limelight

As illustrative of the tendency of the present-day politician to magnify himself at home, and the short-cut methods of catering to the whims of his constituency, the following is self-explanatory:

May 14th, 1914.

Honorable .....

House of the Representatives

Washington, District Columbia.

Dear ....

Our farmers club held there reglar monthly meetin' last friday night and nineteen of us wuz present. You know we has always fought to be kep' frum bein' cut off in another county, so as to be in the 6th deestic, en how we has always been proud of you're going to congrus an' of the fact that you holds your own with all the big men up their. At the meetin' it was calculated that the law of ecynomiks wuz said to be a inter-ferin' with the new free trade law and the new cheap money law, and bein' the secrecy I was tole to rite and call your attentun to it, so you cud hav that thur law of ecynomiks wiped off the books. Some of the boys calculated on account of the mexican war skeer and your other hard work which has kep you there way longer than any of the ole republicans ever staid you had not thot of this and that their wuz a heap of other fellers who would help you and that the president would not vetoe it. With sentiments and confidenc from all the boys.

As ever your true friend

.....

Hon. .... Secretary Farmers Club:

My Dear Old Fellow—I am delighted at the receipt of your letter of the 14th instant and the very valuable suggestion contained therein, which shall have my earnest and vigorous attention at the earliest possible moment.

With very kind regards to all my friends.

Yours cordially,

.....

—Wall Street Journal.

For Keeps—Mrs. Winship left her little son, Randall, to play with his baby brother. Shortly after, she heard the baby screaming lustily. Hurrying to the place where the children were playing, she found Randall picking up his marbles, while the youngster was trying vainly to get hold of some of them.

"Why, Randall!" said the mother. "Don't be so selfish! Let your little brother play with some of your marbles."

"But," protested Randall, "he means to keep them always, mother."

"Oh, no, dear, I guess not," replied the mother. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, I guess yes!" howled Randall. "I know he does, 'cause he's swallowed three of 'em already."—*Harper's Magazine*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md. (ADV.)



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*Master (watching the smile of satisfaction on his keeper's face): "THAT, SANDY, IS 10-YEAR-OLD RED LABEL 'JOHNNIE WALKER' OUT OF THE NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE."*

*Keeper (smacking his lips with satisfaction): G-R-AND! BUT IT'S VERRA SMALL FOR ITS AGE.'*

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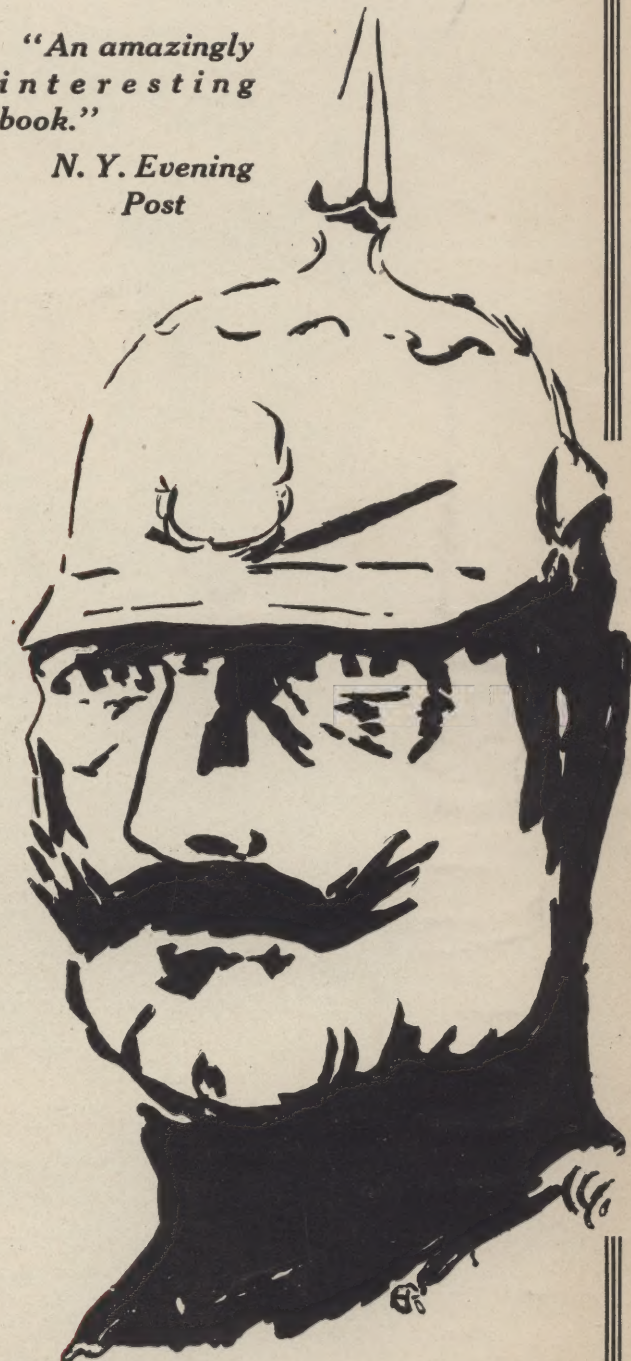
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